

*Car.* Whil'ft our Commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need?  
It hath already publickly bene read,  
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,  
You may then spare that time.

*Car.* Bee't so, proceed.

*Scri.* Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.

*Crier.* Henry King of England, &c.

*King.* Heere.

*Scribe.* Say, Katherine Queene of England,  
Come into the Court.

*Crier.* Katherine Queene of England, &c.

*The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,  
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at  
his Feete. Then speaks.*

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Iustice,  
And to bestow your pittie on me; for  
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,  
Borne out of your Dominions: having heere  
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance  
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:  
In what have I offended you? What cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceede to put me off,  
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witness,  
I have bene to you, a true and humble Wife,  
At all times to your will conformable:  
Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,  
Yea, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,  
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre  
I euer contradicted your Desire?  
Or made it nor mine too? Or which of your Friends  
Have I not stroue to loue, although I knew  
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,  
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I  
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice  
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,  
That I have bene your Wife, in this Obedience,  
Vpward of twenty yeares, and have bene blest  
With many Children by you, If in the course  
And procelle of this time, you can report,  
And proue it too, against mine Honour, aught;  
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie  
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name  
Turne me away: and let the fowle Contempt  
Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp  
To the sharpest kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,  
The King your Father, was reputed for  
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent  
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*  
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one  
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many  
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,  
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them  
Of every Realme, that did debate this Businesse,  
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile  
I will implore. If not, in the name of God  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

*Vol.* You haue heere Lady,  
(And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men  
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;  
Yea, the elect o'th' Land, who are assembled  
To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,

That longer you desire the Court, as well  
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie  
What is vnsetled in the King.

*Camp.* His Grace

Hath spoken well, and iustly: Therefore Madam,  
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,  
And that (without delay) their Arguments  
Be now produc'd, and heard.

*Qu.* Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.

*Vol.* Your pleasure, Madam.

*Qu.* Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that  
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine  
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,  
He turne to sparkes of fire.

*Vol.* Be patient yet.

*Qu.* I will, when you are humble; Nay before,  
Or God will punish me. I do beleue  
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that  
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,  
You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you  
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;  
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,  
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule  
Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more  
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not  
At all a Friend to truth.

*Vol.* I do professe

You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet  
Haue stood to Charity, and displayd the effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom, of  
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong  
I haue no Spleene against you, nor iniustice  
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,  
Or how farre further (shall) is warranted  
By a Commission from the Consistorie,  
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,  
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,  
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,  
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much  
As you haue done my Truth. If he know  
That I am free of your Report, he knowes  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to  
Remoue these Thoughts from you. The which before  
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech  
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Queen.* My Lord, my Lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weake  
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd  
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,  
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart  
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.  
You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse fauours,  
Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted  
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words  
(Domestickes to you) serue your will, as't please  
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,  
You tender more your persons Honor, then  
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen  
I do refuse you for my Iudge, and heere  
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,  
To bring my whole Cause 'fore his Holinesse,  
And to be iudg'd by him.

*She Curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Camp.*

*Camp.* The Queene is obstinate,  
Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and  
Disdainfull to be tri'd by't; tis not well.  
Shee's going away.

*King.* Call her againe.

*Crier.* Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.

*Gen. Vsb.* Madam, you are call'd backe.

*Que.* What need you note it? pray you keep your way,

When you are call'd returne. Now the Lord helpe,

They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;

I will not tarry: no, nor euer more.

Vpon this businesse my appearance make,

In any of their Courts.

*Exit Eugene, and her Attendants.*

*King.* Goe thy wayes Kate,

That man i'th' world, who shall report he ha's

A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,

For speaking false in that; thou art alone

(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy meeknesse: Saint-like, Wife-like Government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts

Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)

The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;

And like her true Nobility, she ha's

Carried her selfe towards me.

*Vol.* Most gracious Sir,

In humblest manner I require your Highnes,

That it shall please you to declare in hearing

Of all these eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,

There must I be vnloos'd, although not there

At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I

Did broach this busines to your Highnes, or

Laid any scruple in your way. whi. h might

Induce you to the question on't: or euer

Haue to you, but with thanks to God for such

A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might

Beto the preiudice of her present State,

Or touch of her good Person?

*King.* My Lord Cardinall,

I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,

I free you from't: You are not to be taught

That you haue many enemies, that know not

Why they are so; but like to Village Curres,

Barke when their fellowes doe. By some of these

The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:

But will you be more iustifi'd? You euer

Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd

It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft

The passages made toward it; on my Honour,

I speake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;

And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mou'd me too't,

I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:

Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; giue heede

My Conscience first recei'd a tendernes,

Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd

By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassador,

Who had bene hither sent on the debating

And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans, and

Our Daughter *Mary*: I th' Progress of this busines,

Ere a determinate resolution, hee

(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,

Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,

Whether our Daughter were legitimate,

Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager.

Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

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